the various pseudonyms of Santa Claus, according to the nationality of the writer.

The letters began coming in more than two weeks ago and were usually addressed to the city, but in many instances the Noeth Pole was the infantile idea of the abode of Santa Claus, while others were addressed to "The Mountains."
One youngster with a pratical turn of mind who was apparently old enough to be acquainted with the scarcity of reindeers in these purts, addressed his letter to Antelope Island, as though under the impression the genial old fellow, making virtue a necessity, would start from there and drive some of the buffalo that were not tled within range of Colonel Shaughnessy, Bert Brown, et al

One little fellow came in one day with his father whom he had brought along, because he wanted to see the bead man in person. With cheeks all aglow with excitement the i-year-old handed Mr. Barratt his letter, after they had found their way to his private office. "Harry knew if he gave you the letter," said the parent, "there would be no doubt about its reaching its destination, so he insisted on my coming along to make sure he saw you."

he histsted on my coming along to ke sure he saw you." herry was assured that the postmaster we where to find Santa Claus, and that would see the letter reached him, and little fellow went away prancing with

ome of the letters bore no stamps, the tiers stating they had not had the stage and that their parents couldn't ord to buy stamps, but they thought the letter was just left by the general livery window Santa would get it can be came for his mail.

when he came for his nail.

One letter written and left on the doorstep for the postman to pick up, and which was signed Freedide Livingston, betray at a philosophic mind. Freedie had exidently overheard some one talking politics and had profited by what he had heard. At all events he didn't take much stock in McKinley being the "advance agent of prosperity." for he wrote:
"Dear Santay Claws:
"As Mister Macinly was lected I don't spoose you will be as well off as if Mister Brian had bin lected, so I won't ask for much this year. Just bring me a riting desk and a sled and some candy and must. I wood like some other things, but I guess you can't afford it."
Freddle wasn't disappointed. The post-man saw the envelore, observed the scribbling and carried the letter away. Whether he took it to the postoffice or not the writer will probably never know.

All these letters were sent to Supering landers of the General Delivery Authors."

min and with envelope, observed the seribbling and carried the letter away. Whether he took it to the postoffice or not the writer will probably never know.

All these letters were sent to Superintendent of the General Delivery Aubrey's desk, who gets all mail that needs more accurate address, or the Mr. Aubrey, who is generally equal to the emergency, shifted the responsibility this time and sent the letters to Mr. Barratt, who has ing the oddly spelled and written desires of the little ones.

"We have received loss of letters written to Sauta Chieve loss of letters written loss of letters written to Sauta Chieve loss of letters written

"The noor fellow collapsed, and in a velea that was actually pitiful to hear, said:
"My G- lady, you didn't expect them by express, did you?
"He had probably answered a thousand just as foolish questions that day,"
Another good story is told by C. E. Bennett, who receives packages at the Pacific express office. A gentieman whose nationality was not frish came in to ship a package to Glean's Ferry. He took the trouble to explain that it was a Christmas present to a much-valued friest and inquired the charges.
"It will cost you fi," said Mr. Hennett after weighing it.
"The shipper threw his hands in the air and exclaimed: "My Got, I can'd stand it. Tarese egspress gompanies dey rob de beobles." The over ruling spirit of compromise asserted itself, and he said: "I dell you vot I do. I bay 39 cents and lets dem hay 50 cents at do odder end."

The express companies report that Christmas business has fallen off very considerably this year in volume, as compaced with former years, the decrease being anywhere from 15 to 20 per cent, while the opposite has been the case at the postoffice, where it is stated that more parcels have been registered than ever before. It was stated yesterday that the average number of packages—andied by the registry department in and out has been 500 for more than ten days. . . .





Is holding.

Candy, Cake and spice; Trumpets, drums and toys, Ribbons and sashes, A watch and a pin, Gloves and sparkling rings, Slippers soft to wear. A fine pair of specs. Wonderful things that's nice Every thing that makes anoise Arruby ring that flashes, A purse well filled with "tin" And lots of lovely things, A comb for her brown hair. A file of cancelled checks The wee baby's stocking Little brother's stocking The tiny maid's The college boy's stocking The grown up girl's. The sweet mother's The kind father's s holding. Stocking is holding. Is holding Stocking is holding. Stocking is holding. Stocking is holding.

HIS QUIET AFTERNOON WITH HIS DEAR LITTLE SON-MR. WILLIAMS HAD YEARNED TO BE A PETRUCHIO AND CON-QUOR KATHARINE BUT TOMMY TAUGHT HIM HOW TO AP-PRECIATE A PATIENT WIFE.



"I WANT MAMMA TO COME!"

the postoffice, where it is stated that more parcels have been registered than ever before. It was stated yesterday that the average number of packages Landled by the registry department in and out has been 500 for more than ten days.

Reilroad Grants Approved.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The secretary of the interior has approved the following grants of lands to railroads: Fouthern Pacific, 5,fill acres in the Les Angeles, Cal., land district; 200 acres to the Same road in the Vissila, Cal., instrict, and 249 acres to the Central Pacific railroad in Carson City, Nev., istrict.

Off For Havana.

Jacksonville, Fia., Dec. 24.—Consulation of the proposition of the interior of the central pacific railroad in Carson City, Nev., istrict.

When the average number of packages Landled by the registry department in that of the minute had to in a minute he had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight had found it: "The Taming of the Shrew." No words can tell the delight had found it: "The Taming of the shad only read one canstic speech of Katharine's when Tommy himself from side to side. "There was such deep seriousness in his tone that his took had only read one canste speech of Katharine's when Tommy

"Tom, what was the crime of '73?"
Little Mrs. Williams looked inquiringly at her husband as she spoke.
"It was the demonetization of silver," replied Mr. Williams from over his morning newspaper.
"Would you mind telling me just what that means?" the little woman inquired timidly.
"Why, it means that in 1873 the Republicans stopped the coinage of silver and that ever since then this country has been going to the dogs," replied her husband, emphatically.
"Why didn't the people find out the crime sooner? I never even heard of it till this fall," and Mrs. Williams looked inquiringly at the big man opposite.
"Tommy's voice rose from the window. "Who put what?"
"Who put what?"
"What can the cihld mean?" said his father, laying down his book and going with some curiosity to the window. Then he laughed heartily as his eye fell upin the subject in question.
"It's a harrow, child, It does look like a big A sure enough, but nobody but you would ever have thought of it."
He went back to his book. At the end of three bilissful minutes a little voice at his elbow said: "Papa, wipe my cwacker." in is morning newspaper.

It "Would you mind telling me just what that means?" the little woman inquired timidity.

Why, it means that in 1873 the Republicans stopped the coinage of silver publicans stopped the coinage of silver and that ever since then this country has been going to the dogs," replied the rhusband, embaltically.

"Why didn't the people find out the crime sconer? I never even heard of it till this fall," and Mrs. Williams tooked inquiringly at the big man opposite.

"Gertrude," answered the big man, "women don't seem to have any sense about these things. I wish you would read up, so that you wouldn't have to ask me idiotic questions."

He pose a little impatteenly from the breakfast table and started toward the door. He glanced at his wife and the wounded took in the sweet face made the big heart within him instantiv release.

"Who put what?"

"What can the child mean?" said his father looking us with some curiosity to the window. Them he laughed heartly as his eye fell upin the sublect in question.

"It's a harrow, child, It does look like a big A sure enough, but nobody the whore the wounded took in the sweet of the people find out the crime sconner?" I never even heard of it till this fall," and Mrs. Williams it looked inquiringly at the big man, "women don't seem to have any sense about these things. I wish you would read up, so that you wouldn't have to ask me idiotic questions."

He rose a little impattlently from the breakfast table and started toward the door. He glanced at his wife and the wounded took in the sweet face made the big heart within him instantiv release.

He went to her and laid his hand you would the same of the window. The substant is given to the window. The substant is given to the window. The he heartly as his eye fell upin the subject to neueristic. It does look like a big A sure enough, the noble of whith the people find out the subject in question.

"It's a harrow, child, It does look like a blok waith. Then bealt's Won't you come and earth if it will keep. The wi

"Dear little boy! Does his back itch? Turn around and let papa find the tickled place," said Mr. Williams, smiling gently as he rubbed the little back to its satisfaction, after which Tommy trotted away.

HI.

Mr. Williams found his place again and read on with many a chuckle and an occasional peal of laughter. And now Petruchio is coming in his outlandish garb to claim his bride and Mr. Williams' face is one glow of de-

"Don't, Tommy, don't," he says with-

"I don't want to don't, papa."
"I don't want to don't, papa."
The next minute a little voice said:
"Papa, I wish you'd move the kween."
"Move the queen! What do you mean,
Tommy. Have you been meddling with
my chess men?" said his father looking wa

us wife."
"Papa, what is this?"
"H'm?" asked Mr. Williams in a olice which was certainly in Padua.
"I said what is this?"
"It is a-a"— his voice died away,
"Well, look an' tell me what it is."
"It's a stove crank," he said looking

what is it for?
"To turn the stove on—to make it burn better."
"Make what burn better?"
"The fre."
"You said to make the 'tove burn better."

"Papa! has Weunchang got any

"Yes, yes; I reckon he has." "Why don't he wear 'em then?"

"What is it for?"

too.

"He's a little sick boy," he explained.
"That isn't his gown, Tommy. It's the
cover hanging down."
"It is?" then after pausing a moment,
"What cover?"
"Why the cover on the hed."
"What bed?"
"The bed. This one the boy is lying
on."

"See here, young man. Now just dry that up or I'll box your ears for you." Tommy's little lip began to quiver and instantly his father relented. He

hastened to turn Tommy's mind from the proposed boxing. "Look at this man, Tommy. I expect he is the boy's "Who is?" said Temmy, looking down through blue eyes that saw but dimly at that instant.

Why, the man sitting here in the

"Why, the man sitting account chair."

"What chair?"

Tommy's papa took a very deep breath and gazed helplessiy around the room. Then he said in a strangely quiet voice as he put his index finger with mighty firmness on the picture.
"That chair!" Right there by the bed?"

"What bed?"

Tommy's father seized one of the

"What bed?"
Tonmy's father seized one of the chubby fingers and held it fiercely, against the pictured bed. "This bed! This bed! Do you see it?"
"O, papa, you hold my finger too hard," and Tommy began to cry.
Mr. Williams set him with no gentle hand upon his knee.

said it fervently.

"Women had better stay at home and take care of their children. Instead of trapsing around to political speeches."

This last observation was mental.

Mr. Williams cast a longing look at his book. "All right. What story do you want?"

Well then, once two little girls went

"Well then, once two little girls went out in the yard and they."

"No: they were in the garden."

"Well, they were in the garden, and some bees came flying along."

"No, they didn't!" shrieked Tommy, "that ain't the wight 'tory."

"Well, Thomas, you'll just wait till your mother comes home for the beestory. I'm done with it," and Mr. Williams put Tommy down and rose and walked to the window. He hoped General B, might be very hoarse today or that a storm might come up, or something to cut that speech. He heard a sob and turning saw a fair little curly head bowed disconsolately upon a chair. He went to the distressed little figure and stooping down put a

blood hasn't come."

"It's goin't to come."

"No, it isn't. Run away now and let me read."

There were tears in the little boy's voice as he said: "Mamma put a wag on my finger when I hurt it."

"Then I reckon I'll have to follow suit." said Mr. Williams, a little wearliy as he rose from his chair and laid his book on the table. "I don't know where any rags are, though."

But Tomm- knew where mamma had so often gone for unnecessary but soothing bandages for his injured members and proudly conducted his father this most patient, sweet and virtusous wife."

"Hm?" asked Mr. Williams in a voice which was certainly in Padua.

"I said what is this?"

"Hm?" asked Mr. Williams in a voice which was certainly in Padua.

"I said what is this?"

"It is a—a"—his voice died away, "Well, look an' tell me what it is." again,
Down in Alabam."
But songs of this kind will, by-andby, pall upon the most tender-hearted
parent in the world, and at the end of

Awarded

Highest Honors-World's Fair,

·DR:

better."

"Well, I meant the fire in the stove."

"You did?"

Then after a minute Tommy added,

"What 'toye?"

"See here, Tommy, I don't want you
to ask so many questions," said his
father sternly. "I'm reading. Here,
take this and look at the pictures." MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Gream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant,
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

really don't. I wish I did know, but I slaways miss the way with everything I start for you."

Poor Tommy and poor papa! If only mamma had been there to start softly, "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" how the mista would have cleared away!

Tommy leaned back on his father's arm and wept for a minute or two and then his little eyes closed and did not open. His father watched him for a little while, then rose and walked very gently to the couch and laid him down.

"It must be time for Gertrude to come," he thought, going to the windaw. Yes, there she came, walking swiftly up the street. Mr. Williams watched her for a moment. "If I could find a diadem for sale in all this great republic," he said, "I would buy it and place it myself upon the little mother's brow." Then he went over to his book. "Petruchio, I'll begin at the beginning, and read you again some day, but, old boy, if Katherine had been a three-year-old, methinks you wouldn't have come out with flying colors."

He closed the book and put it back upon the shelf and then walked to the couch and looked down upon the little boy. "But he's the dearest conqueror that ever came into my lift." he said, as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the little sieeper.

ELLEN M. FIREBAUGH.

SALVATION ARMY

**SALVATION Complexation of the children arm the chi

with this suit was a small toque trimmed high in front with birds.

A dress which was worn without a wrap was made with a plaited Eton that hung loose at the bottom and disclosed a waistcoat or embroidered trimming.

trimming.

The hat was a Tam O'Shanter shape trimmed with waving paradise plumes. The jacket is preferable to the cape, as it is more trim, and offers less resistance to the breeze than a cape. Tight-fitting coats are worn by many of the skaters, but the loose empire jacket is more graceful and allows of more freedom of movement than the other.

"PAPA, I'M TICKLED!"

"Mr. Williams found his place and read two lines.

"This wacker's wotten," said Tommy, looking the mild disgust at the pulpy thing in his hand.

"This wacker's wotten," said Tommy, you're here with a search work when she comes bacchy thing in his hand.

"The wacker's wotten," said Tommy, you're here with a search work was a corn on your foot, I'll raise to him his corn was a corn on your foot, I'll raise to have the fingers were wiped and Mr. Williams was finding his place again, he thought: "I don't will in the fire and then come and let me wipe your fingers."

When the fingers were wiped and Mr. Williams was finding his place again, he thought: "I don't see how generated the part of the case o

A woman will broil a steak, says a wise woman, who knows, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steai the remnant of the meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the roast, and stir the oatmaal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and not baif try. Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street cars, and light the great cities of the world. But he cannot find a spool of red thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up; he cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He cannot be folite to somebody he hates. He cannot put the tidy on the sofa pillow right side out.

By all odds the jolliest calendar to give one's friends for New Year is the one in the form of a sundower, somethink like half a yard in diameter. The out-out yellow leaves fairly our with vitality, while the rich brown center, which by good rights should be given over to seeds, is a smiling darkey's

"Tommy," said Mr. Williams, looking at his son, with fury in his eye, "You beat Li Hung Chang himself for asking questions!"

He sighed deeply and looked at his watch. It would be an hour yet before Gertrude would return. "I'm nearly to the end of Act III. I'll finish that and then give it up, I guess." He found his place, then glanced at Tommy.

Tommy was looking at the picture of "Visiting Day at the Hospital."

There's a boy in bed but his gown's hangin' out," he said. Mr. Williams leaned over and looked at the picture, too.

"Well, I don't know that song."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

Sing it papa. Mamma sings it."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

Sing it papa. Mamma sings it."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

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Sing it papa. Mamma sings it."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"I'me little star? Well, let me see.

No, I don't know that song."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"I'me little star? Well, let me see.

No, I don't know that song."

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"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"I'me little star? Well, let me see.

No, I don't know which way to go.

Sing it papa. Mamma sings it."

"Yes, it's 'bout which way to go.

"Yes on't he was 'sung

Remember there are not only plenty of good things to eat, but for the children there are toys, toys, toys.

From Spokane to New York.

New York, Dec. 24 .- Mrs. H. Esthy "I want mamma to come," sobbed
Tommy
"So do I," said Mr. Williams, and he said it fervently.
"Women had better stay at home and take care of their children, instead of trapsing around to political speeches."
This last observation was mental.
"Papa, tell me a 'tory," said Tommy through his tears.

Mr. Williams cast a longing look at his book. "All right. What story do you want?"
"Boss and the calific it is, then, for he millionth time," and Mr. Williams old the story with amazing rapidity and vigor.
"Now tell me 'bout two little girls in 'the bees."
"I don't know that story."
"Yes you do, papa, Mamma knows

WILL IIIL ILIUUI U.

And her daughter Clara, 19 years old, the transcontinental pedestrians, completed the journey from Spokane, Wash, to this city yesterday afternoon. They left the western city on May 8 on a wager with a New York woman that they would cross the continent in less than seven months.

The conditions of the wager were fastens at the very edge of the sleeve. The jacket is box-shaped in front, but fits in at the waist in the back. The high collar is a fair sample of the kind that comes on all the new coats. It stands up close around the face, leaving no room for the cold breezes to circulate around one's neck, and very effectually protecting the wearer against the elements. The hat worn with hirds.

We york do the subtracted from the total time.

On the way across the continent they worked at anything. They did housework, sewing and sold photographs of themselves. At Lincoln, Neb., Mrs. William J. Bryan fed them and bought photographs. In Ohio they called on Major and Mrs. Mckin-ley.

IN THE SOCIAL REALM.

Next Tuesday evening Salt Lake camp No. 53 will give a social at Odd Fel-

The usual discussion regarding New Year's calling is now going on. The probabilities are that more ladies will receive this senson than for some years The Christmas dancing matines and pantomime for the children will be given at the theater this afternoon and

will be followed by a bail tonight.

Mrs. A. F. Holden will give a buffet luncheon from 1 until 3 this afternoon, and in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Holden will give a dinner party.

The usual Christmas dancing mati-nee will be given at Christensen's this afternoon.

The Saturday night club gave a very enjoyable leap year ball at Christensen's hall last evening. About 50 young couples were in attendance, and danced to the excellent music of Christensen's explorer. The prompters of the to the excellent music of Christensen's orchestra. The promoters of the affair were W. C. Brown, Joe Mellen, Dave Griffiths, Carl Castison, George Jones, Fred Griffiths and Frank Hoagland, while the reception committee was composed of Misses Lou Young, Bates, Rose Louvy, Annie Pratt, Bart Yates, Nellie Griffiths, Lou Thompson and May Rushton.

With Hood's Sarsapa-rilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla ftself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsungths.